

The Evening World

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THE SITUATION AT SHENANDOAH.

Some of the more turbulent and reckless spirits among the strikers at Shenandoah are doing their best to hurt their own cause and to help the enemy by sneaking and cowardly stoning of the militia by night.

This is a dangerous pastime which is not likely to last long. It is an indication, however, that there will be no such egregious folly as an attempt at organized resistance to the militia. It may be taken as a proof that at Shenandoah and elsewhere the nearly unanimous sentiment of the miners supports John Mitchell in his demand that the law shall be respected and order maintained.

Whatever the result of the strike may be it has served a useful purpose and taught a useful lesson. It has called out an expression of public sentiment on the question of interference with non-union men as part of the programme of a strike and the verdict of public sentiment has been unanimous against it.

This is a lesson worth learning and worth heeding. It teaches that strikers who resort to violence need expect no sympathy, that if a strike cannot succeed without lawlessness it can have no hope of success, and that threats, menaces, intimidation and interference with the rights of others as incidents of a strike are finally and forever a thing of the past.

MURDERS THAT WILL NOT OUT.

The week opens in New York with the ghastly discovery of the body of an unknown man murdered and robbed in Central Park near one of the park gates. There are no witnesses, there is no clue to the identity of the victim, nothing is known of the circumstances under which he met with his death, and the case, we are told, "puzzles" the police.

That will probably be the end of it. In the light of recent experience it would be idle to look to the police detectives to solve this last addition to the rapidly increasing list of murder mysteries. Detective skill falls to find a single clue to the murder of Catania in Brooklyn, the Latimer case is as much of a mystery as ever, the public has probably forgotten all about George Baker, who was shot down and killed in his saloon on July 21, and about Walter E. Hutchinson, found lying in the street from a fractured skull on June 2.

This is a depressing record for three months. It does not speak well for the efficiency of our detective staff. Indeed, we may put the case much stronger than that. In the long list of murders of the current year there is not one having any element of mystery about it in which the police have been able to solve the mystery.

RED-LIGHT RESORTS TO GO.

Another new broom has begun its work on the east side and we are promised an immaculate condition of affairs in a spot never conspicuous for cleanliness. The favored section is the Eldridge street precinct, the original red light region. Capt. "Barney" Gallagher, who has taken charge there, intimated yesterday that he would soon make his precinct blossom like the rose morally. He does not propose to "make war on the pushcart men and the petty offenders," that would be like shooting quail in an antelope country. No such small deer for the Captain. Others may fill station-house blotters with this kind of game and get credit for a large number of arrests, but Gallagher is after the "big offenders—divekeepers who do business under a Raines law license."

It is a commendable ambition and New York will applaud him when it is accomplished. But the promise has a familiar sound; haven't we heard something like it before? Was it Price who started out to do a similar job of cleaning? Churchill, in the adjoining Fifth street precinct, had large ideas on this line, too. The spirit is frequently willing but somehow the flesh is weak in these matters. But there was that great capture of pushcart women early in the summer. Credit should not be withheld for that effort toward the moral regeneration of the east side.

SUNDAY STORMS.

An old-fashioned parson would have some difficulty in interpreting the meaning of the Sunday electrical storm. The regularity with which the heavens open their flood gates and permit a play of celestial artillery, &c., on that day of rest would show at first thought "a grave indication of divine displeasure," as the pulpit phrase might be, "over the desecration of the Sabbath by outing parties." But yesterday the lightning with impartial favor, treating Trojan and Tyrian alike and dropping as the gentle rain from heaven on the just and unjust, crashed into the pilot-house of a Sound excursion steamer and demolished the steeples of Coney Island and Galilee churches. Here was something that neither the parson nor the Roman augur could quite explain satisfactorily.

Nor can the meteorologists enlighten us as to why a hot and humid Sunday is so inviting an occasion for an electrical storm. Atmospheric conditions are presumably not different then from those prevailing on week days. But the Sunday excursionist, picknicker or bicyclist or pedestrian will affirm the statement that such storms this summer have been frequent and violent beyond precedent.

DEVERY'S LORD HIGH ALMONER.

Devery has attached to him a Commissioner of Charities, as he calls him—really a Lord High Almoner, as the usage was of ancient kings—to distribute his royal bounty. The new official will be very helpful to the ex-Best Chief in seeing that his charity is dispensed with greater care, and that the free ice and food goes only into the mouths and ice-boxes of the faithful. Some of it has been diverted into the homes of the enemy without prospect of definite return on the investment.

What is the source of this rivulet of free cash which makes such a Niagara of a noise in the Ninth? Is it fair to infer that it comes from Devery's own pockets? If it does many an unhappy victim of police blackmail will feel a belated satisfaction to think that money supposedly gone "to the bad" is accomplishing some good in relieving distress. But the big man used to keep his roll securely hidden from view. Its present "easy-go" qualities lead to the supposition that it has come more easily than Devery's own money is generally believed to have come. Who is "putting up" to elect the big fellow?

Wiser than Their Teacher.—The hundreds of little children at the Ocean Grove Sunday-school who answered the question, "What is the best thing in the world?" by saying, "Why, money, of course," had probably not learned that lesson in the Sunday-school, but they would hardly be modern American children if they had not learned it outside.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

FORGIVING.

They say that quarrelling and spats are actors' foremost sins. Yet they're so loving they "make up" before the show begins.

HIS INVESTMENT.

"If I give you this nickel, my poor man, what will you do with it?" "Well, mum, I see that Southern Pacific and Amalgamated Copper and stocks like them ain't what they was as investments, so I guess I'll look around for about four fingers of United Liquor Dealers' stock."

BOXING TERM.

"I see Inspector Cross has been exiled." "Yes. He's a left-Cross now."

B. C. 63.

Caesar, against the command of the Senate, crossed the Rubicon and entered Rome, a Gallic captive at his heels. "It was a nervy thing in you to do this, Jule," murmured Brutus. "Oh, yes," retorted Caesar, with an airy wave of the hand toward his prisoner. "You see I have my Gaul with me, every time!" And from that moment Brutus never ceased to meditate on the Ides of March.

BORROWED JOKES.

2-2-2-2.

There was an old man of Chefoo Who wanted to catch the 2.02. When he got to the gate He said: "Am I late?" "Oh, no," said the porter, "Just sit down and wait. It's a minute or two to 2.02!" —Princeton Tiger.

FROM A WARM CLIMATE.

"Is there any message from my poor husband?" asked the widow of the medium. "There is," replied the medium, "and it's hot stuff, too." —Atlanta Constitution.

NOT TO BE BLUFFED.

"I will have to have three more days out a week, and receive my company in the parlor," said the cook lady firmly. "Bridget," replied the mistress of the house, "I warn you not to push me too far. You seem to forget that I belong to the Housewives' Union No. 17." —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

SOMEBOODIES.

KELVIN, LORD—receives royalties on fourteen patent appliances used on the latest Japanese battleship.

MILES, GEN.—is a brilliant French scholar despite the fact that he did not take up the study of the language until late in life. He studied it to fill extra time while in the West.

ODELL, GOV.—is a skilful chess player and spends most of his spare evenings at the game.

SWIFT, PROF. LEWIS—the astronomer, who has discovered fifteen comets and 1,342 new nebulae, has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday. Most of his astronomical work was done at Rochester, N. Y.

VERNE, JULES—has received a gold-headed walking stick from the Boys' Empire League of England. He has written about eighty books in forty years.

SCIENCE.

O Science, child of pale Philosophy, Whose clear-cut features, too correct for Art, Have oftentimes played Medusa to the heart Of budding Fancy, fair and wild and free, Thou, who are yet the queen of Liberty,

For whose white favors sages oft have sighed, On whose broad plain brave men have toiled and died, Striving through mists of hope thy face to see—

Thou, whose bright touch, like sun-light, doth divide The heavy clouds which long have veiled the prize—

Who, grandly careless of a world's renown, Dost search, untiring, earth and heavens wide—

Shall we yet find in thy calm, dear, cold eyes The faith thy feet have seemed to trample down?

—Agnes M. Matthews in Success.

The Population Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: There are more women than men, I am told, in New York State, and yet there are more bachelors than spinsters. Now, how can that be accounted for? I know the statement is true, but I can't understand the reason. What mathematical reader can solve this queer problem? —STEPHEN MOORE, JR.

Another Ice-Cream Dodger.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to ask readers' opinions of a young man who will ask a fellow for a cigarette whom he never was introduced to or never knew. The same party sits on a stoop every night with some girls and enjoys their company, but never thinks of treating. The ice-cream saloon is very convenient, not more than a stone's throw away. The

DIDN'T KNOW THEY LICKED HIM SO BADLY.



SO HEARTLESS.



MONEY TO BURN.



UP-TO-DATE.



WEATHER NOTE.



MERELY THAT.



TRUTHFUL JAMES.



ODDITY CORNER.

THREE FREE SCHOLARSHIPS IN CARICATURE.



Three free and complete courses of instruction in the National School of Caricature, whose classrooms and studios are in the Pulitzer Building, will be given to the three boys or girls who sketch in or draw the best faces for the incomplete pictures shown above. A pretty face should be drawn for the young woman and a funny face for the young man. Cut the completed drawing from The Evening World and mail it to "Caricature Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1,334 New York City." Messrs. Dan McCarthy and Moses Burger, Director and Assistant Director respectively, of the National School of Caricature, will select the winning pictures.

Mr. McCarthy makes this suggestion to competitors: "Sketch in the faces where they have been left out of the picture in pen or pencil in a distinct manner, the girl's face to be a typical American face and will be judged from that point of view; the man's face to be a broad caricature of the summer man."

Anybody under thirty years of age may compete. This makes it possible for any young man or any young woman, any boy or girl, to obtain months of instruction in the best-paying line of art work free of cost. Newspaper cartoonists receive salaries ranging from \$100 to nearly \$400 a week. This Evening World offer may open the way for some undiscovered genius to become a C. G. Bush, a T. E. Powers, a Dan McCarthy or other world-famous cartoonist.

The offer is open to all within the age limit. So pitch in, do your best and try to win one of the free scholarships.

ROOSTER IN HARNESS.

A Minnesota paper tells of a giant buff cockin rooster, owned by a Mr. Plumasen, of Luverne, Minn., says the Youth's Companion, "which has been trained to trot in harness, pulling a tiny cart in which ride the baby son of its owner. Golden Duke is the name of this strange fowl, and it is a prize-winner in its class as well as a freak. The big bird was broken to harness by the boys of the Plumasen household, and now seems to enjoy its work. It wears a little harness and is guided by reins, which it carries in its bill. It is the master of several galls, and at the word of command given by the small child who is driving it will walk, run, trot or come to a standstill. At home in the country the big rooster often pulls the cart and its occupant for half a mile or more without stopping."

THE "PIN-PRICKING" CURE.



"Pantopathy" is the latest cure for disease. It consists in pricking the skin with pins in such a way as to release the impurities of blood. Needles, as a matter of fact, are used for making such abrasions, as blood poison might follow the use of an ordinary brass pin. The practice is in vogue in Chicago, where four women, pantopathists are kept busy. One of the quartet, Miss Alice M. Butterworth, is especially expert.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

And What It Did to a Hundred Trolley Passengers.

It was on the 9 P. M. St. George trolley car coming from Midland Beach.

The car had struck open country and was going at something like a mile a second. Passengers filled the seats with all the roomy comfort of sardines in an unopened tin box.

At one end of a forward seat were a little girl and her parents. The child was the Emmy Lou type and perhaps four years old. She didn't care how crowded the car might be. She had eyes for only one thing, and that was a very shiny tin pall. It was a red, blue and silvery pall, with a shovel attached, and had served to remove wholesale quantities of sand from the brink of Father Ocean that day. It was incidentally the Desire of her Heart.

Gazing cautiously about to see no one was looking she shyly kissed the glittering tin and then looked ashamed.

A sudden lurch and the pall handle escaped the soft baby fingers. A flash of light, the sound of grinding tin underneath swift-flying wheels—and the twisted remnant of what had erstwhile been an ornate and glorious pall lay somewhere beside the track, about half a mile behind.

The baby gave one awed and horror-stricken look out into the darkness and then buried her head in her mother's ample lap and began to cry very softly and very heart-brokenly. She didn't howl, as is the custom of the young, but hopelessly as one whom the unbelievably horrible has befallen.

There was a moment's hush in the buzz of talk, and then a man, far back in the rear seats, began to swear very softly.

A girl with a great deal of hat, a shrill fouldard dress and very straight hair, leaned forward, laughing awkwardly, and thrust a box of candy into the baby's clenched little hand. "I wish this kid smoked," growled a man with a bulldog jaw, fingering a cigar case—his only available gift—and looking doubtfully over at her.

"If there's a pall to be bought at the ferry-house," volunteered a fat man in a large-checked suit, "I'm going to get you a gross of 'em when we reach there, little girl. You're all right!"

A girl on the seat in front shamefacedly detached a gaudy ribbon from her dress and dropped it into the weeper's lap, while her escort, with as little ostentation, laid a flashy silver-gilt watch chain beside it.

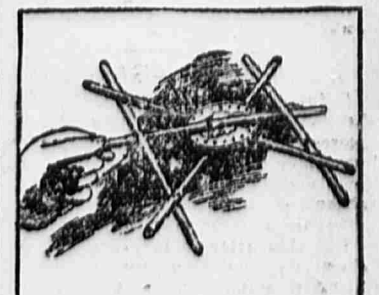
"Say, Mamie," grumbled the baby's father, scowling across at his now smiling offspring, "when I saw how careless you was in droppin' that nice ten-cent pall, I'd a good mind to slap you."

"If you had, my friend," observed a deep voice from the back platform, "there'd have been sections of you scattered all along the road for three miles back. See?"

KISSING THE WALL.



TASK IN LIFTING.



TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Population Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World: There are more women than men, I am told, in New York State, and yet there are more bachelors than spinsters. Now, how can that be accounted for? I know the statement is true, but I can't understand the reason. What mathematical reader can solve this queer problem? —STEPHEN MOORE, JR.

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other night, not caring how he squandered his money, he desperately invested the enormous sum of five cents for peanuts from a passing vendor.

BROOKLYNITE.

Impatient for More Open "L" Cars. To the Editor of The Evening World: Well, when are we going to have open cars on the Sixth and Ninth avenue "L"? Surely enough west siders patronize those roads to warrant such cars. Give us cool, open smoking cars in these torrid August days. We need them; we pay enough to warrant our having them. Let the company wake up and give them to us. —WEST NINETEENTH STREET.

Says "More Trees than People."

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read the query: "Are there more trees or people in the world?" I unhesitatingly say there are more trees

than people. True, there are 3,000,000 people in New York alone, but there must be 30,000,000 trees in the Adirondack forests. And so on, everywhere. Consider the thousands of miles of forest where not a human being can be found. Is any one foolish enough to try to contradict this? —A. B. G.

A Loveless Youth.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a young man of twenty-six and have never been in love. Let me say right here that this letter isn't a joke. My friends are all engaged or married. One or two are even divorced. Yet never in all my life have I seen one woman who could make my heart beat one iota faster or whom I wished to kiss. Why is this? I am anxious to fall in love, as I am already laughed at as an old bachelor. I am not unattractive and not stumpy and can afford to marry.

Girls are always kind and polite and attentive to me, and I've tried hard to fall in love with them, but somehow I can't. Will readers counsel me? Shall I meet the right girl some day? —L. VEELESS.

For Shorter Entertainers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I want to complain of the length of time between acts at a theatre. With the mechanical devices now in vogue and the big force of stage hands, dressers, &c., it ought to be possible to have the curtain down no longer than two minutes at most. Then why must we sit around for ten or twelve minutes sometimes? Thus we would get home half an hour earlier after the theatre and the evening would have no dreary waits. Also, at horse races why can't the races be closer together than one every half hour? Surely the betting could be done in less time, and the waits are onerous past belief to us who don't bet. —HIRSH K. BIEBER.